



There is not much difference between tomorrow and today, except that tomorrow will be the first day of a new year and today is the last of the old year. This appears to be a mighty important difference to many, who attach some tremendous importance to putting down "1912" instead of "1911" for the first few times. As a consequence, New Year's is looked upon as the appropriate period for "swearing off."

Appreciating this little foible of mankind, I have been interviewing a number of our leading citizens during the past few days in an effort to learn which of the many leaves in their libraries they purpose turning over tomorrow. A good many simply announced their intention of crawling up on the water wagon and staying there if the bumps in the roads left by Wilson would permit. So many appeared to be progressing along this line that I stopped taking down their names and proceeded on my way for better individual material.

Governor Frear, when asked regarding New Year's good resolutions, wanted to know what the Bystander was going to swear off and then shifted the conversation to the marching merits of the sailors. However, by putting two and two together and cabling the result to the White House I learned that the Governor has decided not to accept a remuneration but to go before the Republican convention with Judge George A. Davis as his sponsor, asking for whatever nomination the delegates might choose to give him.

Marston Campbell, whom I interviewed in the Governor's anteroom, held up his hand and took a pledge never again to cross any desire of the Hilo board of trade, but to change his mind as frequently as the "No more smokes or Cocktails."

As the politicians appeared to be prolific with pledges I drifted around to the city hall. The offices were all empty, as I had arrived on the scene almost half an hour before closing time, but I ran across E. I. Spaulding in the corridor. He was carrying some suggestions regarding the budget, which he dropped as soon as I mentioned my errand. "Put down for me," he said, "that I hereby pledge myself not to offer any more advice to a supervisor. I find that they don't need any advice and already have plans for an economical administration that make me feel like a spend-thrift."

So far so good, but unexpected good fortune encountered me on the stairs going out. On the landing I encountered H. P. Wood. "I am just on my way to the mayor's office to tell him that the promotion committee will not need any city money this year," he said. "Owing to the generosity of the merchants and the fact that they almost embarrass me with thanks for the business the committee has brought to the city, I find that we will have more money than we will be able to spend."

I inquired about New Year's pledges and learned that the genial secretary's hope was to be able to induce his committee to put Alexander Hume Ford in as head promotionist, leaving him free to carry out whatever Ford might propose.

I hurried up Ford to see what he thought about it. "Well, it's no more than I expected of Wood," he remarked. "Wood always did like my schemes. By the way, the Hands-Around have just heard from Cupid. He asks us to give his aloha to McCandless and tell him that he has decided that Hawaii needs some strenuous man at Washington and that the job is his."

Naturally I went after Link to break the news, "I will never refuse running to keep ahead of Ford. I found the Democratic Hilo anything."

leader shaking hands with Jarrett and pledging him his solid support. "So Kuhio wants to give me the job," he said, after I had panted out my news. "Well, go back and tell him I don't want it. I have done all that is necessary for my party and I am now going to rest and enjoy myself watching my water running on the Honolulu plantation. I am not a candidate."

This was the first cross word-I had heard and I accordingly wandered away by myself to forget it. I recovered somewhat when W. R. Castle pledged his support to the civic center site and Harry T. Mills informed me that he had just cut his bananas, determined to enter the New Year with a free conscience and in line with the better citizenship. I watched Low and Murray arm-in-arm overseeing a scrubbing out of the fishmarket by Jimmy Boyd. James Wakefield had just finished writing to the Hilo Railroad Company, inquiring if there was anything he could do to help. Walter G. Smith was dictating an editorial on the rabbit question, taking the ground that as there were no such things as rabbits it would be good policy for the public to kokua Doctor Norgaard's suggestion that none be allowed to land without a seven months' quarantine. "I haven't made any definite New Year's resolutions," he said, in answer to my queries, "but I propose to keep on in my undivided support of the health authorities. I am applying for the first vacancy on the citizens' sanitary committee in order that I may do more for Honolulu than at present. Well, so long. Just drop in on Farrington and tell him I'll join him at lunch."

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Small Talks

R. H. TRENT.—I have every confidence in a most prosperous year for 1912. The past year was a most satisfactory one.

R. R. REDFORD.—In the presence of our solid prosperity no one is paying much attention even to the danger of a revision of the sugar tariff.

ROBERT E. BOND.—There are some mighty good stocks to be secured at a bargain these days, but you don't want to take stock in some stocks.

RYMAN RAPHAEL.—Honolulu will see some real baseball when the San Francisco Olympic Club team comes to the Islands in February. The Coast champions are in fine trim.

C. G. BOCKUS.—We're still waiting for the end of the tennis ball famine.

SIDELIGHTS

JUST A POLITICAL JOKE.

Incidentally it would be interesting to throw a little sidelight upon the local political situation in relation to the lining up of the various brands of politicians in the campaign this coming year. We are being spun already to catch the voters and there will be a rather hot time in the old town during the actual crowding of statements and challenges when the time comes. Of course, we all know that the McCandless cohorts are already in training on a certain brand of poi (\$01), and the trade union label is also said to be in evidence where it is likely to do the most good. All of which is more or less enlightening, but mighty unsatisfactory. Nobody knows how such mix-ups will turn out. Which reminds me of what happened in a flourishing city in New Jersey quite a number of years ago.

Well, this city was beginning to look upon itself as a metropolis and, becoming ambitious, resolved to have a new charter, one more up-to-date than the one it had been working under for something like a hundred years. So the citizens proceeded to elect a charter commission and it was the general feeling that only the best men in town should be placed on the commission; men like Courtland Parker, George Buchanan and Frank Tyrell, whose ancestors had been pioneers in Indian days. As it happened there were quite a number of candidates, each of whom, or at least whose friends, thought they were all embryo statesmen. It was quite an exciting election and every voter who could hobble to the polls was there on time to cast a ballot.

Now one of the candidates who had been properly nominated was old Ben Monday, who was as black as a negro could be, and he drove a hack. Ben was a favorite, for he was one of those happy-go-lucky-free-from-care colored men, always willing to do a favor, always willing to crack a joke, always willing to express a political opinion. He couldn't read, for he had once been a slave, and the fact is he had been nominated simply for a joke.

I believe there were seven commissioners to be elected out of the bunch of candidates, and after the voters had voted conscientiously for six, it seems that nearly every one of them decided to give poor old Ben Monday a complimentary vote. He was elected by an overwhelming majority.

To remark upon the feelings of the citizens of this ambitious city, which had been rather pro-slavery during the War, would take up too much space, while it would be entirely too much outside the pale of good English to repeat even some of their expressions. The fact remained that Ben Monday had polled more votes even than Colonel Parker and was by all rights chairman of the commission. But Ben was a shrewd old darky and when he called the meeting of high-toned citizens to order at the first meeting he quietly asked Colonel Parker to take the chair and during the rest of the sessions he never so much as peeped.

But say, if ever there was a prouder colored man in the United States than Ben Monday he hasn't been dug up yet. All you had to do was to call him "Commissioner" to get unlimited credit for hack rides.

But then political jokes are generally a dangerous proposition.

THAT TEN-DOLLAR BILL.

Probably few people of Honolulu know that money is made right in this city. I don't mean profits on sugar or stock, or any other of these common ways of "making" money. What I mean is that money is made, actually made here. No, it isn't counterfeit money, either, real good money, which any one of us would be glad to have a bushel of. It is issued by the First National Bank and bears the signature of Cecil Brown, president, and L. Tenney Peck, cashier—that's what makes it real good money. There are a lot of people to whom this will be news.

One of the discoverers of the fact that real money is issued by the First National Bank of Hawaii is Clinton G. Ballentyne, manager of the Honolulu Rapid Transit Company, and of all places in the world to discover such a fact it is down in the mountains of Virginia. Yet it was there, not far from Harper's Ferry, of John Brown fame, that Mr. Ballentyne realized neatly that money was made in Honolulu—and by the First National Bank.

Now some of the money made, or at least saved, by the bank is in the shape of ten-dollar bills, and it was one of these bills, the first one of the kind he had ever seen, that Mr. Ballentyne found down near Harper's Ferry. He was visiting in Washington and had gone as a guest to the clubhouse of the Blue Ridge Rod and Gun Club, up in the said faraway mountains to spend the week-end. And one day the woman in charge remarked to Mr. Ballentyne: "I believe this is some money from your country," and she shook a ten-dollar bill in his face.

Mr. Ballentyne doubted at first, but upon examination, sure enough, there it was, as good as gold—a ten-dollar bill, signed by Cecil Brown and L. Tenney Peck. As Mr. Ballentyne had never seen one of these bills before—and acknowledges that he has never seen another—he looked upon it as a curiosity, besides which it sort of gave him a homesick feeling, and particularly a friendly feeling toward that particular bill. The result was he handed over ten dollars in gold for the piece of paper and he has it yet—the only one of its kind in his large collection.

LOOKING FOR A BED.

Anyone wandering around this city late at night, or rather in the early hours of the morning, when even the mynah birds are asleep, during the past month is pretty sure to have had the experience of being accosted by one of the sailor boys of the fleet and in a respectful manner asked if the wanderer knew where the said lost sailor boy could by any possibility find a room, hire a bed, or lease a hotel, anything to get a night's rest. Then it would be borne in upon the consciousness of the late wanderer that there are mighty few places in Honolulu where a man can go at any time of the day or night and secure a clean and comfortable bed. The few rooming houses or hotels mentioned had already been explored by the sailor and not a bed was to be had.

"I'd go to the ——— quickly enough and pay the price they ask, but the fact is I hate to be robbed with my eyes open," remarked one nice looking boy from Indiana. But he added that he didn't like to pay three dollars for a cot on general principles. He probably had Down East ancestry as well as Hoosier.

There was another. This one had a tale of woe. He had shore leave for two or three days and the first night had a nice room, he said, in a downtown house kept by a woman. Unfortunately he did not reserve the room, thinking he could get it again if he stayed ashore. But when he went back again that night and routed out the landlady and asked for his room the said landlady became angry.

"Say, she pretty near threw me out," remarked the youngster in an awed tone of voice. "She said she didn't allow any drunken sailors to come snooping around her house. I beat it quick, you bet, and I didn't stop to explain that I hadn't had a drink all day. I've been hunting for a room ever since." And for all I know he's hunting yet. But there were others.

Before attempting to start the Wall tournament at the Beretania Tennis Club. And the famine continues unabated.

CAPT. N. C. NIELSEN, of the Diamond Head Station.—I wish to thank all those who so kindly remembered me at Christmas. I appreciate the presents and the kind words that accompanied them.

L. TENNEY PECK.—The people of Honolulu should realize that all the surplus acquired by the Rapid Transit company goes back into improvements, so they are the ones who get the most benefit of the prosperity.

DIRECTOR-GENERAL A. F. WALL.—I wish I could get the Army to turn out on Washington's Birthday and make a display. This display would rival that of the fleet last Friday, and I am sure would be greatly appreciated by the people of Honolulu, who like military pageantry.

A. F. WALL.—Now that we're over the Christmas rush, I hope that everybody will turn to and prepare for the biggest Floral Parade ever held here. It's a bigger job than one man can attend to, and the community should pull together and help out. Anyhow, it's going to be a big floral parade.

JULES LEVY.—The Christmas trade this year was larger than ever, and there was also a very large amount of charitable work. We had an unusually large number of customers ordering boxes of oranges, apples, candies and groceries generally to be sent to needy persons. Money has been very free this winter.

FRANK W. DAMON.—It looks now as though the Chinese republic would be a certainty. The arrival of Doctor Sun and his grand welcome shows that the Chinese people understood what he was doing and why he was in China to fight. They knew that he was planning the revolution, gathering the financial means of war—for without those the war could not be carried on—and they knew that he, like many of our revolutionary heroes, was up to the work of planning the whole affair. John Adams and others were just as great heroes as George Washington, but they did not wear the sword.

HIS CONSCIENCE OVERSENSITIVE

Sidelights Are Thrown on Nhee's Death—Mountain of Mary Trivialities.

(From Sunday's Advertiser.)

"White and yellow thieves." That phrase in a private letter is partly responsible for the suicide of Victor Hung Nhee, and for the wild threats that have been bandied about on the floor of the annual convention of the Korean National Association, now in session.

That Nhee Harag Wo, or Victor Hung Nhee, late editor of the Korean Union News, threatened to take his own life several months ago and that he seemed unwittingly to have become mixed in discussions now raging in the Korean National Association annual convention, are facts conclusively proved by further information regarding affairs in the Korean community. The sessions of that association, which are usually very warm, are said to be warmer than ever this year, so warm in fact, that some of the delegates took the floor during the meetings last week and stated in flat words "that some one should be killed." That someone, they say, should be the person owing to the intimacy between them, yesterday made a statement covering the relations existing between himself and the editor and recounted the conversation between them on the afternoon previous to Nhee's suicide. That it is essentially correct is proved by information received from other members of the association. That it could be supplemented by further information, can hardly be doubted.

Young states that he was acquainted with Nhee in California some time ago, both men having been residents of San Francisco. During the time that Young held a commission in the police department here the association wrote to Nhee asking him to come to Honolulu to edit the Union News, but Nhee seemed backward and finally Young was prevailed upon to add his influence. Nhee finally reached the city in March of this year. Young says they had been on good terms ever since, and that Nhee visited him often at his office and that they spent much time together outside.

On the 27th or 28th of November, says Young, Nhee came to his office and entering it with a harsh little laugh stated that it was his birthday. Young asked him what he meant and was answered that he was going to be let out of the editorship and that he was free.

"For what reason?" asked Young. "I am discharged by the officers of the Korean National Association. They say I am not fit for the job and if I hold it any longer the paper will be spoiled."

A short conversation ensued in which Young attempted to comfort him and in answer to an offer to share Young's business, Nhee answered:

"I am not worrying about money. I could make my living, anyway. But I am brokenhearted over leaving my beloved paper, into which I have poured all my heart and mental faculties."

"I advised him to resign his position," says Young, "and told him that the word 'resigned' sounds better than the word 'discharged'."

"But Two Places Left."

That same evening Nhee telephoned Young to meet him downtown, and they spent the evening together, visited the theaters and had supper at a restaurant. They then walked towards Ala Park. Nhee stated that he had resigned on the invitation of President Chung of the association at a meeting of the officers that afternoon.

Walking towards the park Nhee said that he had traveled all over the world except Africa and Australia, that he had no place to go now. He added he was tired of everything and that he had but two places to select from, using at the time a bit of oriental imagery hard to translate.

Young asked him which two places he meant and he answered "Heaven or Hell." His friend told him he was a coward; that he was needed here; that his name was good and that he would be able to do well. Nhee answered that his brain was out of order and that he was tired of everything.

After that Nhee visited Young often at his office, stating that he was completing the week's work at the request of the officers. Later he said he was to remain until they got another man.

Young then heard of the subscription to bring the Yucatan Koreans here, and asked Nhee if he knew anything of it. Nhee, it seems, from Young's account, told him nothing.

"On the tenth or eleventh of this month I heard from a well-known Korean that Mr. Chung had signed a contract which was drawn up by a certain lawyer to the effect that they would go to San Francisco with \$2250 on the sixteenth of this month," said Young.

That point marked the starting place for the fresher trouble in which Nhee became involved. Young wrote a letter to his father-in-law telling him to come down to Honolulu and get back money he paid into the subscription. If he did not, the letter read, he would be "robbed by white and yellow thieves." That phrase is responsible for much of the ensuing trouble. Young called on President Chung with several subscribers to the fund, and the former said he would not go to San Francisco until after the annual convention, moved to have been in the wrong in the discussions now troubling the association. These arose over lawyer's fees, and the engagement of lawyers to handle the negotiation of bringing the Korean colony of Yucatan, Mexico, to this city.

Young Talks.
C. H. Young, whose name has been mixed up in the suicide of Nhee, has nothing more to say about the matter.

Trouble Starts.
When the convention opened one of

ANOTHER HORNER SUIT IS BEGUN

This Time Robert Horner is Made Defendant—Not a Counter Charge, It Is Said.

(Mail Special to The Advertiser.)

HILO, December 29.—Another chapter of the Horner war was begun last Friday with the Hilo circuit court as the scene of battle. It takes the form of a bill by the Kukui Plantation Company against Robert Horner for the purpose of making the latter account for his management of the Kukui Ranch.

"This suit is not brought in the way of a counter charge," said Attorney Carlsmith, attorney for plaintiff. "As a matter of fact the taking of this step had been in contemplation for a long time past."

The bill shows that the orator has for years past expended large sums on the maintenance and bettering of the Kukui Ranch by buying lands in fee and leasing them, by cultivating the land in order to make it support as great a number of cattle as possible, but that it has of late years been unable to obtain more grazing land in the vicinity, and has therefore been unable to increase the ranch's earnings.

It is shown that in January, 1896, the orator employed Robert Horner as manager of the ranch, with the understanding that he should give it his entire time and attention, that he should run the business to the best possible advantage and that he should give a strict accounting of all money and property received by him as such manager.

It is complained that Robert Horner, in violation of the terms of his employment, has taken advantage of knowledge gained as manager and has been buying and selling horses and cattle on his own account, which stock he has kept on the ranch lands, using ranch equipment and the services of the ranch's servants in looking after such stock. These acts, says the complainant, were committed in disregard of his express wishes and direction and have occasioned a heavy loss to the Kukui Plantation Company, although it is ignorant as to the exact amount. The defendant has, it is stated, retained all the profits he has made in the purchase, grazing and sale of such horses and cattle, and has refused to furnish the plaintiff with an account thereof, although often requested so to do.

The orator charges that all these acts are contrary to equity, and that he is entitled to all the profit received from the sale of the animals mentioned during the term of Robert Horner's employment, and from the natural increase of such stock. The orator asks that the defendant be summoned to appear before the court to answer all the allegations of the bill, though answer under oath is expressly waived, and that he be compelled to give a full account for all the horses and cattle which he has purchased during his term as manager of the ranch and the other information in regard to these animals, that he be decreed to hold all the money realized by these transactions, after deducting the cost price, in trust, and that he be decreed to hold all the animals which have come into his possession while he has been manager, as well as their natural increase, in trust for the orator.

SEVENTY-FIVE DEAD FROM POISONED FOOD

BERLIN, December 31.—Seventy-five deaths from poisoning at the municipal shelter home have been reported to date, eighteen having been recorded during the past twenty-four hours. The rate of deaths appears to be increasing. Nearly a hundred more are critically ill from eating poisoned food and other deaths are expected. The authorities are vigorously pushing their investigation.

The members reported having heard that Young had used the words, "white and yellow thieves," and this started a discussion which grew in volume and animosity until it assumed such proportions that a committee waited on Young telling him to come to the hall and explain. Young said he had written a private letter and they had no right to discuss it.

Later, it seems, he did go to the meeting to discuss the matter and repeated that they had no right to discuss his private affairs. When pinned down to the question of whom he meant by the white thieves, he stated that he referred to a white man; as to the yellow thief, he meant whichever man went to San Francisco.

Events thenceforward are too complex for the Anglo-Saxon mind to comprehend, but they continued to become more and more tangled, up to the afternoon when Editor Nhee made his final call on Young. Nhee apologized for not being able to pay his debts to him, which amounted to six dollars, made several references to his lost position and finally recalled the conversation where he said he had but two more places to visit, "Heaven or Hell." Young became angry with him and again told him he was a coward. Nhee believed that he had been referred to as the yellow thief. He finally asked that no charges be started against President Chung and then left the room. Young denies, as reported yesterday, that he ever accused Nhee of "an unpardonable crime" or any other kind.

The whole incident was closed that night by Nhee's suicide. It shows only to what lengths matters considered by the Anglo-Saxon mind as trivial will go under Korean impulses and feeling from the reasons which are coming from the convention. The matter is becoming warmer, and more, such more examples.